

ANNUAL SUMMER CONCERT

by the

CHORUSES

of

NORTHWESTERN STATE COLLEGE

Herod Hall, July 25, 8:50 A. M.

E. B. L. Hardy, Conductor

Alyce Catherine Ifland, Accompanist

PROGRAM

The Glory of God in Nature.....Beethoven

Sanctus (St. Cecilia Mass).....Gounod

SOLOS BY MR. JEFF BOWER

Hark! Hark! The Lark.....Schubert

Pilgrim Chorus (Tannhauser).....Wagner

MIXED CHORUS

Cantata "The Lady of Shalott" (Tennyson).....Wilfred Bendall

MRS. ANNA BETH AARON, SOLOIST

TREBLE CHORUS

Northwestern Oklahoma State University

**Northwestern Libraries
Digital Archives and Resources**

**The Choruses of
Northwestern State College**

Annual Summer Concert

**Conductor: E.B.L. Hardy
Accompanist: Alyce Catherine Ifland**

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THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

Chorus:

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And through the field the road runs by
To many-towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.
Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalott.
By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd,
The shadow flitteth silken-sail'd,
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?
Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II

Soprano Solo:

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,

And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.
And moving through a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village churls,
And the red cloaks of market-girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Chorus:

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes through the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

Soprano Solo:

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often through the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

Chorus:

A bow-shot from her bower eaves,
He rode between the barley sheaves,
The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight forever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott
The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see

Hung in the golden Galaxy.
 The bridle bells rang merrily
 As he rode down to Camelot:
 And from his blazon'd baldric slung
 A mighty silver bugle hung,
 And as he rode his armor rung,
 Beside remote Shalott.
 All in the blue unclouded weather
 Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle leather,
 The helmet and the helmet feather
 Burn'd like one burning flame together,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
 As often through the purple night,
 Below the starry clusters bright,
 Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
 Moves over still Shalott.
 His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
 On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
 From underneath his helmet flow'd
 His coal-black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
 From the bank and from the river
 He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
 "Tirra lirra," by the river
 Sang Sir Lancelot.

Soprano Solo:

She left the web, she left the loom,
 She made three paces thro' the room,
 She saw the water-lily bloom,
 She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She look'd down to Camelot.
 Out flew the web and floated wide;
 The mirror crack'd from side to side;
 "The curse is come upon me," cried
 The Lady of Shalott

PART IV

Chorus:

In the stormy east wind straining,
 The pale yellow woods were waning,
 The broad stream in his banks complaining
 Heavily the low sky raining
 Over tower'd Camelot;

Soprano Solo:

Down she came and found a boat

Beneath a willow left afloat,
 And round about the prow she wrote
 "The Lady of Shalott."

Chorus:

And down the river's dim expanse
 Like some bold seer in a trance,
 Seeing all his own mischance
 With a glassy countenance
 Did she look to Camelot.

Soprano Solo:

And at the closing of the day
 She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
 The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott.
 Lying, robed in snowy white
 That loosely flew to left and right
 The leaves upon her falling light
 Thro' the noises of the night
 She floated down to Camelot.

Chorus:

And as the boathead wound along
 The willowy hills and fields among,
 They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott

Soprano Solo:

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,
 And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
 Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
 For ere she reach'd upon the tide
 The first house by the water-side,
 Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Chorus:

Who is this? and what is here?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer;
 And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot:
Soprano Solo and Chorus:
 But Lancelot mused a little space;
 He said, "She has a lovely face;
 God in His mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady-of Shalott."



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